

Valentine Barker

The Alleghenian.

A. A. BARKER, Editor and Proprietor.
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I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—HENRY CLAY.

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Select Poetry.

A Mid-Night Reverie.

BY J. H. ELLIOT.

Sentinel! pacing with weary feet,
Up and down your weary beat;
Out of sight of the sleeping camp,
Never stopping your watchful tramp;
When the night is dark, and the wind is cold,
And you grasp your gun with tighter hold;
When clouds hang thick in the scowling sky,
And their shadows on your path-way lie;
What are your thoughts, and what your fears?
Do your wide eyes ever fill with tears
As you think of loved ones far away,
Who yearn for you sadly every day?
Does your soldier-heart beat with pain,
As you long to be at home again?
When your stealthy step breaks on your ear,
Do you ever start aback with fear?
Do you ever breathe an inward prayer,
When you cry aloud: 'Halt! who goes there?'
When you aim and fire at the prowling spy,
Do you ever hope he will not die?
When the bullet strikes with a heavy thud,
Do you ever quail at the thought of blood?
Do you ever feel as you draw a breath,
That the next may be the gasp of death?
When your heart grows faint, and your foot-
steps lag,
Do you cheer up, and bless the dear old flag?
O sentinel! pacing with weary feet,
Up and down your lonely beat;
When the night is dark, and bitter cold,
And a wintry blast sweeps over the world;
There is always one whom you never knew,
Who is tearfully praying for you.

How Jack Phillips Recovered the Mule from the Secesh.

BY CAPTAIN JERE WILLIAMS.

If the stories of incidents and adventures current in any of the different camps in the neighborhood of Seceshdom could be collected in book form, they would make a very readable work. I may send you a string of such as are afloat in our region, at some future time; at present, I will relate one which came to my knowledge a few days ago.

Squire Bailey had the biggest, and best, and most docile mule in Marlin's Bottom, and Marlin's Bottom is about the biggest and best neighborhood on Greenbrier river. Squire Bailey was inclined to be a good Union man, and did not entirely conceal his sentiments, notwithstanding the presence of Floyd's army in the vicinity. About the time of Floyd's "tumultuous flight" from that region, he was very much in need of transportation, and according to established usages among Secesh, he proceeded to levy on the teams of the neighboring farmers. Of course, a Union man, like Squire Bailey, was not to escape; but Squire Bailey taking time by the forelock, very quietly, one night, removed to a safe locality all his live stock, except his favorite mule, which he kept for hauling wood and going to mill. This mule being apparently the only support of a large and increasing family, Squire Bailey fondly believed the Secesh would not be heartless enough to rob him of it.

But Squire Bailey did not understand Secesh. One fine morning along came Quartermaster Blifflie, accompanied by half a dozen armed men from Floyd's army. Squire Bailey was standing at his gate when Quartermaster Blifflie approached, and commenced a conversation with him.

"Good-morning Mr.—a—Mr.—"

"Bailey," suggested the Squire.

"Yes, Bailey; good-morning, Mr. Bailey."

"Mornin'," said the Squire.

"I understand, Mr. Bailey, that you have a number of horses and mules which you wish to dispose of to our glorious Confederacy."

"Mistake, sir," said Bailey, "I have none to sell anybody."

"But, Mr. Bailey, some gentlemen informed me yesterday that you had quite a number of horses and mules."

"If you'll believe your eyes, instead of some gentlemen," Mr. Quartermaster, you can see for yourself that I have nothing but that mule, in the log pen there, and that I can't possibly keep loose without."

"Ah! I see the mule," said Blifflie, looking through the cracks. "You'd be asking fifty dollars for that mule, I suppose. Well, it's a big price, but if you won't take less, I'll have to give it. Corporal, just write a note for fifty dollars, payable in Florida swamp lines, at twenty-five dollars an acre, two years after our glorious Confederacy achieves undisputed Independence."

"But, Mr. Blifflie," remonstrated the Squire, "if you take my mule my family will freeze to death, and starve to death, too, before spring. And if I had twenty mules, I could not sell you one such as that for less nor three hundred in gold, but this one I can't spare at no price."

"We must make all sacrifices, Mr. Bailey, for our glorious Confederacy. If you only knew the sacrifices I have made, Mr. Bailey. The starving and freezing of your wife and children are nothing compared to them; but our glorious Confederacy called, and my patriotism responded to the call. Future generations will remember and bless us, Mr. Bailey, and we will receive the everlasting gratitude of our glorious Confederacy. Think of that, Mr. Bailey—think of that."

Mr. Blifflie, before his appointment, had been utterly penniless, and ten times as mean as he was poor. These qualifications got him the appointment of quartermaster; out of this office he was stealing a fortune.

"Mr. Blifflie," said the Squire, with much feeling, "for the Lord's sake don't take my last earthly support. Don't you see my children are all a cryin' and a carryin' on, because they all know they'll be in their graves afore spring if you rob me of it."

"Rob!" exclaimed Mr. Blifflie, fiercely. "Don't say 'rob' again, or I'll massacre your whole nest of traitors. It's because you're an enemy to our glorious Confederacy that you are unwilling to sell the mule at a fair price. I oughtn't to pay such as you a cent, but I'm a generous man, and you ought to be thankful to me. Corporal, fill up the note as I directed."

"Hold on a minute," said the Squire. "If that paper is what you are goin' to give me, don't spile it by writin' on it. The blank paper might be of a little use to me, but the writin' on it never could."

"You're a cursed traitor to our glorious Confederacy," said Blifflie, and he started to take the mule out of the pen. It was hitched with a halter, and had a broad circle around it. He unfastened it, and without deigning another word to the 'enemy of his glorious Confederacy,' he was off with it to seek another farmer's stables.

Squire Bailey looked and as he turned to go in the house, and in the bitterness of his feelings, so far forgot himself as to—"the glorious Confederacy."

Stungly concealed in Squire Bailey's closet was Jack Phillips, the up-to-everything Ohio scout. As the Squire entered the room he called out. "Come out, Jack; they've gone, and the infernal scoundrels have stole my mule."

"I told you they would," said Jack making his appearance, "and if I hadn't informed you last night, they'd a got all the rest of them that you sent off."

"That's so, Jack; but I'd give a hundred dollars to have that mule back."

Jack looked steadily at the fire for five minutes.

"What did you say Squire?"

"I said I'd give a hundred dollars to get that mule back, but I suppose three hundred wouldn't get him."

"I don't know," said Jack, abstractly, and he looked in the fire for five minutes more. Suddenly Jack brightened up and said:

"Give me the hundred dollars, Squire, and I'll bring you your mule to-morrow-night or your money shall be returned."

The Squire looked amazed at Jack for a moment, but seeing he was in earnest, put five double eagles in his hand. In a few minutes Jack left the house, dressed in lousy pants, a red wamus and a coon-skin cap.

Next day as Jack was walking lieusly up the road, by a coincidence, probably brought about by himself, he met the quartermaster and his men, returning with the proceeds of the expedition. Jack smiled a happy smile when he saw Blifflie behind the rest, leading the Squire's mule. He walked quietly along until he came almost opposite the quartermaster, when he darted suddenly off the side of the road, looking at the mule as if frightened.

"Blasted scoundrel," exclaimed Jack.

"Who! who is a blasted scoundrel?" asked the quartermaster.

"Ain't that the mule old Bailey had?" asked Jack, moving still farther out of his reach.

"Yes; but who did you say was a blasted scoundrel?" inquired the quartermaster, very naturally taking all such compliments to himself.

"Why, old Bailey, and the mule, too, for that matter," replied Jack.

"What's the matter with the mule?" asked Blifflie, whose former occupation had not made him much of a judge of live stock.

"The matter! Why he'll kill you afore you git him home. You didn't pay the old sinner anything for him, did you? inquired Jack.

"Certainly; I paid two hundred and fifty dollars for him. This is what the sacrificing patriot intended to return him at to his glorious Confederacy."

"Lord a mercy!"

"But what's the matter with him?" asked Blifflie, looking at the animal half frightened.

"That ere mule in his time, has kicked down every panel of fence on old Bailey's place! You found him in a pen of big logs, didn't you?"

"Yes; why?" inquired Blifflie.

"And them ere logs are fastened by big iron bolts. It's the only thing that would ever hold him. He has killed all the rest of old Bailey's stock and the old rascal has kept him on purpose to swindle some fellows with."

"I heard," said Blifflie, "that he used to have more stock."

"That's what become of it," said Jack. "Didn't the children cry, and didn't old Bailey whine and carry on about losing his three hundred-dollar mule?"

"Yes, they did, at a great rate."

"I know'd it," said Jack. "The old woman spanked them children, and sent them out at the nick of time to help the old rascal in his swindle. And to cheat our glorious Confederacy in that manner? He ought to be hung!" and Jack winked his left eye.

"But if he's so vicious," said Blifflie hopefully, "how did they get the halter and circingle on him?"

"Chloroform, sir, chloroform. I've actually seen that mule kick his collar off."

"And did they give him chloroform to get the collar on him?" asked Blifflie.

"No!" replied Jack. "They put some oats in the bottom of a barrel, and laid the collar across the top; the mule ran his head trough the collar to get at the oats."

"The devil!" ejaculated the quartermaster.

"Yes," continued Jack, "and I seed him kick that collar off. Ever since that he kicks every barrel to staves that he gets eyes on."

"But he has seemed quiet enough since I have been leading him," interposed Blifflie.

"Hev you any liquor about you?" asked Jack.

"Yes, a little in my coat-pocket; why do you ask?"

"That's what he follers you for, and it's a wonder he hasn't eat you up body and breeches afore this, to get the liquor. I knowed that mule to kick the lock off of old Bailey's cellar-door, and go down thar and git as drunk as a beast. Fact, sir, that mule can kick your hat off, and you on his back!"

"That can't be," said the quartermaster incredulously.

"Try him," said Jack. "I've just got a cool hundred dollars to give you if you ride him a rod."

By this time the quartermaster's attendants had got out of sight, and his avaricious soul prompted him to make an effort to get Jack's gold, thinking that he couldn't be more than thrown off anyhow.

The night before this meeting, Jack had quietly stole into the mule's stable and carefully placed a leather dog-collar, driven full of pointed sparrow-bills, under the mule's circingle, putting a piece of light leather between the points of the nails and the mule's back, so that a moderate pressure would force them through into the animal's hide.

Ignorant of this, the greedy quartermaster moved the mule to the bank and sprung on him, just where the dog-collar was placed. Just as he lit on the mule, a boulder lit on his head, and he lit sprawling in the mud. The mule, frantic with the pain of the nails still sticking in his back, sprang off the side of the road, knocked down a dozen panels of fence, and ran furiously across the field, rearing, kicking, lying down and rolling over, jumping up and plunging about at a terrible rate.

"I told you so," said Jack, coolly, as the quartermaster scrambled up, rubbing his bruised head, and brushing at the mud on his besmeared clothes.

"He's worse than seven devils, ain't he?" said the discomfited quartermaster.

"In course he is," replied Jack.

"What'll you give me for the chance of him?" asked the quartermaster, as he saw another string of fence go down before the maddened mule.

"Don't know," said Jack; "the halter might be worth a dollar or so, if I could get close enough to shoot him before he tears it all to shoostrings."

"But where's my horse?" asked the quartermaster, looking around in astonishment.

"Don't know," replied Jack; "the mule

The Spring Time.

The following beautiful passage occurs in a sermon recently preached by Henry Ward Beecher:

There is something even more touching than this. It is the flight of birds. All summer they have filled the woods.—They sing from the trees. They rise from thickets and weed-muffled fences, as in our wanderings we scare them.—They sing in the air. They wake us with their matins. They chant vespers with glorious discordance of sweet melody.—They fit across the lawn, rise and fall on the swinging twig, or rock to the wind on their aerial perch.

But after August they become mute; and in October days they begin to recede from the dwelling. No more twittering wrens; no more circling swallows; no more grotesque bobolinks; no more larks, singing as if they were heart-broken. They begin now to come in troops in the distant field. At sunset the pasture is full of flocks of hundreds and thousands. At morning they are gone. And every day brings its feathery caravan. Every day they pass on. Long flocks of fowl, silently move far up against the sky, and always going from the North. At evening the weary string of water-fowls, flying low and wistful to some pond for rest and food, fill the air with hoarse trumpeting and clangor. They are going. Winter is behind them; summer is before them; and we are left. The season is bereft. Life is short; darkness is long. Flowers are suken to rest. The birds have flown away. Winter, winter WINTER is upon the earth!

At last come the december days. The shortest is reached. Then a few days stand alike. Then the solar blaze creeps forward a minute in the evening. A little more; again more, till half hours ring around the horizon—till hours are strung upon the days—till the earth comes back—till ponds unlock themselves. The forests grow purple twigged. The great winds sigh and rage. March blusters and smiles by turns—a giant that now is cross, and now kind. The calves begin to come. Lambs bleat. The warm hills are plowed. At last the nights are without frost.

At length we wake, some unexpected morning, and the blue-bird's call is in the tree. We throw up the sash. There is a smell of soil and leaf in the air. The poplar buds are fragrant as balm. The air is warm and moist. The birds are surely here; they answer each other;—the sparrow, the blue-bird, the robin, and, afar off on the edges of the swamp, the harsh twanging notes of the black-bird. It is spring!

Oh, with what a sense of emancipation do we hear the birds sing again! God sends his choirs to sing over night and death for us. Winter, that buried all, is herself put away. Death is swallowed up in victory, and nature chants the requiem of the past, and the joy of the future. Now, days shall grow longer, and warmer. Now, industry shall move freely. Now, flowers shall come up. Seed shall be sown. Doors and windows shall stand open all day long. Around about the barn the hens shall cackle and crow. Children shall shout. Spring has come; and all things rejoice at their release.—No more inhospitable snow; no more blight of cold. All is promise. Men go forth with seed and roots and scions.—The orchard and garden and field are full of life.

"The winter is past; the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."

Is this, now, a mere ornamental passage of scripture? Scripture has no passages that are mere ornaments. Things ornamental there are in it, but they carry marrow and meat. Unlike all other literature Scripture never merely decorates.—If there is a figure, it is always for some errand of moral meaning. There is no description's sake. There is no poetry for mere æsthetic pleasure. There is always profit withal.

Nature, then, teaches that to every season of trouble and overthrow, there comes resurrection. In the deepest January of the year there is a nerve that runs forward to June. Life is never extinguished. That which seems to be death, reaches forward and touches that which is vital.

A singular incident is related of the battle of Pea Ridge: During the action on the 8th, a woodcock, which was flying over towards us from the Secesh side, suddenly darted to the ground, and was picked up near Gen. Curtis' position. It was ascertained that a stray bullet had passed through its body while on the wing. This was regarded as a good omen.

Yorktown.

Yorktown, a port of entry, capital of York county, Virginia, is situated on the right bank of York river, eleven miles from its mouth, and seventy miles east by southeast of Richmond. It was settled in 1705, and was once flourishing.—The shipping of the district June 30, 1854, amounted to an aggregate of 5,911 tons enrolled and licensed, and all employed in the coast trade. Before the commencement of the rebellion, Yorktown was a quiet, unobtrusive little village of between twenty and thirty houses, half of them uninhabited, with the ruins of tenements destroyed during Cornwallis's siege visible everywhere. The American breastworks were nearly obliterated, while the more permanent entrenchments of the British were still comparatively perfect. The outworks, which the latter were compelled to evacuate on the night of the 29th of September, 1781, lie on the western outskirts of the town, and are probably still in good preservation. They were strong positions, and their abandonment must have left the portion of the town in which they were situated, in a very exposed condition, and the American officers, when they took possession of them, expressed much surprise at their being voluntarily given up. The most eastern of the redoubts stormed by the allied forces on the 15th of October, 1781, being near the river, has nearly been washed away; that taken by the French portion of the army may still be traced. The capture of these redoubts rendered the destruction or surrender of the British forces inevitable, and on the 17th Cornwallis solicited a truce and agreed to capitulate. The main works, situated on the eastern edge of the town, were in excellent keeping in 1854, and must have been formidable when bristling with cannon and occupied by soldiers. The embankment was too broad to be perforated by cannon-shot, and too steep to be easily scaled by an assailant. The field where the formalities of the surrender occurred, is a respectable inclosure of some hundred acres, and it was about the same in 1781. It joins the town on the south. The very spot where Gen. O'Hara is said to have delivered up his sword and apologized for the absence of Gen. Cornwallis, is now marked by two poplar trees, which were planted in commemoration of the event. The field itself is nearly a plain, and is admirably adapted to the purposes of drill and parade. From the top of the hill on which the town is situated, there is an excellent view extending into the Chesapeake Bay, and reaching almost to the Virginia capes. Yorktown formerly enjoyed quite a valuable West Indian trade. The great natural capabilities of the place as a basis for military operations early attracted the attention of Jefferson Davis, and there can be no doubt that the entrenchments constructed by the British in 1781, have been materially strengthened since the rebellion. When Yorktown falls the fate of the peninsula is sealed, and the route to Richmond opened.

EBENSBURG MAILS.

MAILS ARRIVE.	
Eastern, daily,	at 12 o'clock, noon.
Western, " "	" " 12 o'clock, noon.
MAILS CLOSE.	
Eastern, daily,	at 8 o'clock, P. M.
Western, " "	" " 8 o'clock, P. M.
The mails from Butler, Indiana, Strongsville, &c., arrive on Thursday of each week, at 5 o'clock, P. M.	
Leave Ebensburg on Friday of each week, at 5 A. M.	
The mails from Newman's Mills, Carrolltown, &c., arrive on Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week, at 3 o'clock, P. M.	
Leave Ebensburg on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 7 o'clock, A. M.	

RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

WILMORE STATION.	
West—Express Train leaves at	9.44 A. M.
Fast Line " "	10.09 P. M.
Mail Train " "	4.45 P. M.
East—Express Train " "	8.25 P. M.
Fast Line " "	6.30 A. M.
Mail Train " "	10.34 A. M.
CRESSON STATION.	
West—Express Train leaves at	9.22 A. M.
Mail Train " "	4.10 P. M.
East—Express Train " "	8.53 P. M.
Mail Train " "	11.04 A. M.

[The Fast Line does not stop.]

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judges of the Courts—President, Hon. Geo. Taylor, Huntingdon; Associates, George W. Easley, Henry C. Devine.

Prothonotary—Joseph McDonald.

Register and Recorder—Edward F. Lytle.

Sheriff—John Buck.

District Attorney—Philip S. Noon.

County Commissioners—D. T. Storm, James Cooper, Peter J. Little.

Treasurer—Thomas Callin.

Poor House Directors—Jacob Horner, William Douglass, George Delany.

Poor House Treasurer—George C. K. Zahm.

Poor House Steward—James J. Kaylor.

Mercantile Appraiser—John Farrell.

Auditors—John F. Stull, Thomas J. Nelson, Edward B. Bonaccagn.

County Surveyor—E. A. Vickroy.

Coroner—James S. Todd.

Sup't. of Common Schools—Wm. A. Scott.

EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

Justices of the Peace—David H. Roberts Harrison Kinkad.

Burgess—George Huntley.

School Directors—E. J. Mills, Dr. John M. Jones, Isaac Evans.

EAST WARD.

Constable—Thomas Todd.

Town Council—Wm. Davis, Daniel J. Davis, E. J. Waters, John Thompson, Jr., David W. Jones.

Inspectors—John W. Roberts, L. Rodgers.

Judges of Election—Thomas J. Davis.

Assessor—Thomas P. Davis.

WEST WARD.

Constable—M. M. O'Neill.

Town Council—William Kittell, H. Kinkad, E. L. Johnston, Edward D. Evans, Thomas J. Williams.

Inspectors—J. D. Thomas, Robert Evans.

Judges of Election—John Lloyce.

Assessor—Richard T. Davis.